

Design for Living Act2, Scene 2

LEO: did you go to the laundry?

OTTO: hardly

LEO: why not?

OTTO: two cans of sardines 5 francs
Mme Poperino, black mail, 7.50 francs

LEO: no laundry
that's fine
I haven't got a clean shirt to my name

OTTO: clean shirt!
what's up, a romance?

LEO: I'm not talking about pyjamas
I'm talking about a clean shirt
I don't want to go around
looking like a rag picker
I'm talking about a white shirt
a shirt without a spot, without any holes,
that won't fall apart
when you unbutton your coat
how old is the laundress?

OTTO: about 45

LEO: young 45?

OTTO: I don't know.
she goes barefoot
she's rather plumb
a little soapy
but a very interesting moustache
very charming
but not my type

LEO: moustache or no moustache,
I need a clean shirt for tomorrow

OTTO: end of act one - curtain !

LEO: don't read it,
I know it by heart

OTTO: you remember when Bassington has found out
that Edgar was the man on the fire escape

LEO: alright, shoot

OTTO: pause.

Edgar smiles maddeningly

Bassington plays with his beard
in order to cover his emotion

Edgar speaks:

I'm afraid Bassington that you are right,
but nonetheless boring

Bassington studies his fingernails like a man of the world,
crosses to left

Edgar continues strumming his mandolin

Bassington resuming with his beard

I have only one thing to say to you
immorality may be fun,

but it's not fun enough
to take the place of 100% virtue
and three square meals a day
what's the matter?

LEO: so, double-crossing me, eh?

OTTO: what are you fuzzing about?

LEO: you didn't write that speech alone,
and I know where you got it
don't try to lie out of it!

he was in here, Mr Plunkett
and it isn't difficult to guess
why he was here either
so, you've been making love to Gilda

OTTO: wait a minute
so you've heard that speech before
where did you hear that speech before?
I see.
clean shirt, eh?
so he caught you with Gilda

LEO: that's a lie, he didn't catch me

OTTO: very pretty work.
true blue George

LEO: look who's talking about true blue.
I ought to bust you right
in that ugly pan of yours

OTTO: let's behave like civilized people
it's quite apparent beyond any question
that your behaved in this matter
as a rather common ordinary rat
I'm leaving
where's my suitcase?
or have you sold it to somebody?

LEO: this is a little silly.
11 years of friendship

OTTO: you should have considered that earlier

LEO: do you mind a personal question?

OTTO: not at all

LEO: are you pretty hard hit?

OTTO: that's none of your business
and you?

LEO: likewise
what a pity we had to fall in love
with the same girl

charming, isn't she?

OTTO: rather
nice eyes

LEO: of a sort
well, I guess we're through

OTTO: looks like it
curious to have a little bit of feminine fluff
breaking up our friendship

LEO: sad
quite a dilemma
I wonder if she's worth it?

OTTO: I wonder

LEO: in fact I doubt it
there's only one thing we know about her:
she's full of deceit

OTTO: she's trying to hang it on both of us

LEO: we shouldn't let her get away with it

OTTO: she's a trouble-maker

LEO: we ought to put our foot down

OTTO: you're right
we oughtn't to let her break it up

LEO: I've been listening to these half-witted
dramas of yours for 11 years

OTTO: and I've grown cock-eyed
looking at those humpty-dumpty pictures of yours

LEO: should we give up all this

because of some girl we met on a train?

OTTO: third class

LEO: no woman's worth it

OTTO: absolutely not
no more clean shirts?

LEO: we ignore her, fifty fifty

OTTO: fine

LEO: sacrifice helps an artist

OTTO: exactly

LEO: sorrows of life are the joys of Art

OTTO: I don't think we ought to discuss her anymore

LEO: right

OTTO: if occasion arises
which requires our mentioning her at all
we refer to her as Miss Farell
make the whole thing more impersonal

LEO: exactly

OTTO: George, did you really sell my suitcase?